Mari. Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith some doe, and some doe not, but Mistresse if I haue bargaind for the ioynt.

Bawd. Thou maist cut a morsell off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should denie it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they shall not be changd yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the towne: report what a sojourner wee haue, youle loose nothing by custome.
When Nature framde this peece, shee meant thee a good turne therefore say what a parragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Mistresse, thunder shall not so awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beautie stirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home some to night.

Bawd. Come your wayes, follow me.

Mari. If fires be hote, knives sharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I still my virgin knot will keepe.
Diana ayde my purpose.

Bawd. What haue we to doe with *Diana*, pray you will you goe with vs.

Exit.

¶ *Enter Cleon, and Dioniza.*

Dion. Why ere you foolish, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O *Dioniza*, such a peece of slaughter,
The Sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

Dion. I thinke youle turne a childe agen.

Cle.

Cleon. Were I chiefe Lord of all this spacious world, Ide giue it to vndoe the deede. O Ladie much lesse in blood then vertue, yet a Princes to equall any single Crowne ath earth-ith Iustice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou hast poysoned too, if thou hadst drunke to him tad beene a kindnesse becomming well thy face, what canst thou say, when noble *Pericles* shall demaund his child.

Dion. That shee is dead. Nurses ar not the fates to foster it, not euer to preser, she dide at night, Ile say so, who can crosse it vnlesse you play the impious Innocent, and for an honest attribute, cry out shee dyde by foule play.

Cle. O goe too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the heauens, the Gods doe like this worst.

Dion. Bee one of those that thinkes the pettie wrens of *Tharsus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do shame to thinke of what a noble straine you are, and of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding who euer but his approbation added, though not his prince consent, he did not flow from honourable courses.

Dion. Bee it so then, yet none does know but you how shee came dead, nor none can knowe *Leonine* being gone. Shee did disdaine my childe, and stoode betweene her and her fortunes: none woulde looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Marinas* face, whilest ours was blurred at, and helde a Mowkin not worth the time of day. It pierst mee thorow, and though you call my course vnnaturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it greets mee as an enterprize of kindnesse performd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgiue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say, wee wept after her hearse, and yet we mourne, her monument is almost finished, and her epitaphs in glitterind golden characters expres

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